

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Enter Edward and Richard, with Drum and Soldiours.

Edw. After this dangerous fight and haplesse warre,
How doth my noble brother *Richard* fare?

Rich. I cannot ioy vntill I be resolu'd,
Where our right valiant father is become.
How often did I see him beare himselfe,
As doth a Lyon midst a heard of Neat,
So fled the enemies from our valiant Father,
Methinkes tis pride enough to be his sonne.

Three sunnes appeare in the Ayre.

Edw. Lo, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious sunne,
Dazle mine eyes, or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious sunnes, not separated by a racking cloud
But seuered in a pale cleere shining sky.
See, see, they ioyne, embrace, and seeme to kisse,
As if they vowd some league inuiolate.
Now are they but one lampe, one light, one sunne,
In this the heauens doth figure some euent.

Edw. I thinke it cites vs brother to the field,
That we the sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Already each one shining by his meed,
May ioyne in one, and ouer-peere the world,
As this the earth, and therefore hence forward,
He beare vpon my Target, three faire shining suns.
But what art thou that look'st so heauily?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the noble Duke of *Yorke* was slaine.

Edw. Oh speake no more, for I can heare no more.

Rich. Tell on thy tale, for I will heare it all.

Mes. VVhen as the noble Duke was put to flight,
and then pursude by *Clifford* and the *Queene*,
and many souldiours moe, who all at once
Let driue at him, and forc't the Duke to yeeld,

Yorke and Lancaster.

And then they set him on a mole-hill there,
And crown'd the gracious Duke in high despite,
VVho then with teares began to waile his fall.
The ruthlesse *Queene* perceiuing he did weepe,
Gaue him a handkercher to wipe his eyes,
Dipt in the blood of sweet young *Rutland*,
Byrough *Clifford* slaine: who weeping tooke it vp.
Then through his brest they thrust their bloody swords,
VVho like a Lambe fell at the butchers feete.
Then on the gates of *Yorke* they set his head,
And there it doth remaine the pittceous spectacle
That ere mine eyes beheld.

Edw. Sweet Duke of *Yorke*, our prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, there is no hope for vs:
Now my soules Palace is become a prison.
Oh would she breake from compasse of my brest,
For neuer shall I haue more ioy.

Rich. I cannot weepe, for all my breasts moysture
Scarfe serues to quench my furnace burning hate:
I cannot ioy till this white Rose be dy'de,
Euen in the heart blood of the house of *Lancaster*.
Richard, I bare thy name, and Ile reuenge thy death,
Or dye my selfe in seeking of reuenge.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee,
His chaire and Dukedome that remaines for me.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles bird,
Shew thy descent by gazing gainst the Sunne,
For Chaire, and Dukedome; Throne and Kingdome say,
For either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke, Montague, with drum,
ancient, and souldiers.*

War. How now faire Lords: what fare? what newes al

Rich. Ah *Warwicke*, should we report the balefull newes
And at each words deliuerance, stab Ponyards in our flesh
Till all were told, the words would adde
More anguish then the wounds.

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